

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1892.
KEEP BEFORE THE PEOPLE

The fact that the BARDSTOWN HERALD can be sent to any Post-Office in this County FREE of Postage; that a Club of Thirty can get the HERALD at ONE DOLLAR each, and the gentleman or lady who procures us that many subscribers, will get the Herald for nothing, and our thanks; that at the rate of One Dollar per copy the Bardstown Herald is decidedly cheaper to the citizens of Nelson County than other Newspaper in the world, and as a County paper we hope that we will be able to make it more interesting and more useful than any other paper, not published in the county, can be: be it also remembered that Clubs must advance the money. No fears need be entertained concerning our ability to work through another year. Every thing in our Office is paid for and insured, and we intend to carry on the Herald until the Type wears out. If anybody doubts it, we say to him give us a call and if he desires it we will show clear receipts for press, type, sticks, ink, paper, cases, chases, galleys, &c., &c.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Messrs. RILEY & MUIR have removed to Louisville, where they will be glad to see their friends from this district. They have entered into a co-partnership with Mr. JAMES C. BAILEY, who will always be found at his Office, formerly occupied by Riley & Muir; and all legal business entrusted to Mr. Bailey will receive attention from them.

EXAMINATION
Of the Bardstown Collegiate Institute will commence on Thursday, the 5th of February. Patrons and all interested are solicited to be present on that occasion.

The Constitution which Louis Napoleon vouchsafes to France is as follows: The President to appoint, besides his ministry, the council of State, and the Senate. The lower legislative body to be constituted by the people choosing 30,000 electors who in turn shall choose 500 persons, from whom the President shall select 250. Thus all power will in reality be in the hands of the Executive.

Monday night, (the 19th), was awfully cold, about 14 degrees below zero. On Tuesday we had the most extraordinary spectacle of four funerals—that of Mr. Electus Hagan, an old and highly respectable citizen of our county, and three very young children—of Mr. Wm. Powell, one of Mr. J. C. Talbot and one of Mr. James N. Poole.

The more than usual expenses of our Office consequent upon the purchase of our NEW PRESS and a large and excellent addition of TYPE, compell us to call on those indebted to us either for Subscriptions to the HERALD, Advertising, or Job-Work, for the money or whatever has been agreed upon, when the debt was made. Most of the debts due us do not exceed five dollars each, and any of the debtors can very conveniently pay up whilst we would consider ourselves "in town with a pocket full of rocks," when we get all that is due us.

We call attention to the advertisement of Wm. H. Hardisty & Wife, in another column. Some of the kinds of work done by them, we know are very superior, and we would advise those wanting anything done in their line, to patronize them.

WOOD-WANTED-AT-THIS OFFICE. Friends bring us a few loads. Those who have promised us WOOD for subscriptions cannot bring it to us at a better time.

Washington; visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

PARIS UNDER MARTIAL LAW.
A Graphic Description.

An occasional correspondent of the New York Courier, writing from Paris on the 5th inst., gives a very graphic account of the scenes in Paris during the usurpation, an account which the French and English press are carefully keeping from the public, they being under the ban of Napoleon the Second.

On Wednesday morning I went into the streets, debouching on the Boulevard des Italiens by the rue Richelieu. The pave was crowded with well dressed, orderly people, and the shops all open. Every now and then a mounted officer would pass, and at times a picket of infantry or squadron of horse. I entered several of the cafes. They were full of people, but nobody seemed to be eating or drinking, though many were engaged in games; and I overlooked, with others, for a few moments, a game of chess, which having been completed, the victor exclaimed in sort of mock triumph, *c'est Napoleon qui gagne!* It seemed to me that the temper of the people was good, and upon the whole, though certainly there were many dissentients, that they were pleased with the course of public events. Towards mid-day I had strolled as far eastward as the fountain called the Chateau d'Eau, observing nothing on the way to alter my view of the popular feeling. Here, however, where the Rue du Temple turns off to the right, persons were pressing down this street as if to see something that was known to be stirring, and not less curious than others. I followed the example. I found the street to grow very much narrower at the bottom. I had got in movably fixed in an impervious croud, and this croud in a frightful state of excitement, before I had time to reflect on the danger I was wilfully incurring. I had determined that the worst means of escape would be to return the route I had come, and that it was better to push on as I could, and turn off at the first corner I should come to, when several single shots, and then a volley which seemed close to my ear, although I could see neither smoke nor fire, suddenly put the dense mass to flight. Then were cries of distress, and many seemed to be trodden under foot. I held on to the side of a house, under the lee of some projecting object, which kept me in safety from the torrent. In a few moments there was comparative quiet, a clear space around me. The windows and doors on both sides of the way were closed, though three or four inquisitive faces were peeping out from many upper stories. A door suddenly opened, and a man with bare arms, and a handkerchief knotted round his hand, rushed out, holding in his hand a little wooden keg, and running at full speed down the street, turned to the right; I followed, and upon reaching the corner, became aware that at some distance on the right, there was a tremendous uproar—most terrific cries, and an unceasing discharge of musketry. I dashed across the street, and pursuing my original direction, thought to give the scene of commotion a wide berth. After passing through an almost deserted way, for ten or fifteen minutes, I encountered a body of sixty or eighty soldiers on the run, with trailed arms. These fellows are so hot, thought I, there is no knowing what may happen now. I determined, however, to assume a sort of cool dignity. As they approached I was conscious that the officer at their head kept a severe eye fixed on me. I made way for them with as disembarassed an air as I could, and as the chief came nearer I slowly raised my hat. He returned the salute with careful politeness, and hurriedly uttering the words, *chez vous! chez vous!* passed on. I continued my route with feelings that were rapidly approaching uneasiness. I was aware in which direction the Boulevards lay, and that by bearing to the right I should approach them at a point higher up than the Rue du Temple; but besides this I had little knowledge of my whereabouts. The streets were deserted; I saw hardly anybody except two or three groups, standing over or carrying wounded men, and others flying, as it seemed, from a scene of battle.

The narrow streets were so dark, and seemingly dangerous, that I gave up the thought of reaching the rue St. Denis, and turning up St. Martin, was soon in the crowd. All that I could learn was that there had been severe fighting somewhere, and that even now preparations were making for the like games elsewhere. All my views of public feeling suddenly proved fallacious; there were numbers of well-dressed men, such as you see at Delmonico's at mid-day, with many work-people, and not a few thorough looking desperadoes; but no noise or confusion of any kind; all conversed in stealthy tones, with the air of persons whose thoughts were fervid on some important business in which they were to figure as spectators or participants; but I could not doubt from various circumstances, that all, perhaps without exception, were enemies of Louis Napoleon.

I went into a good-looking, cafe or public house, but discovered, or thought I discovered, such decided marks of business, that I soon turned into the street again. Two or three garcons were moving empty cases and deal boards into one corner of the large room; several persons were handling fowling-pieces or pistols, and I heard one ask another for something, whereupon the person addressed demanded to see Monsieur's billet, and then the first produced a paper from his pocket, which seemed to settle the matter satisfactorily. I sauntered up the street, doubtful what course to pursue, but still curious to watch the progress of events. I thought each step was taking me nearer home, but in this I was mistaken. I was yet probably far short of the Boulevards, when I gathered from the speech of those around me, that progress in that direction was mercilessly stopped by a strong picket of horse and foot. I could only retrace

my steps, but still eschewed the side streets, for they had a most gloomy and way-laying air, and had nearly reached the point at which I entered St. Martin, when my ears caught the still more alarming report—on ne peut plus circuler! les maudits tyrans! This, I confess, nearly put a stop to my own special interior circulation! It occurred to me at once that the Quarter was surrounded, that escape was hopeless, and that I must even dispose of myself as I could.

The mob was every moment growing more earnest, and were beginning to batter the lamps at no great distance from me. I looked first at one house and then at another, but at last my steps brought me to a low, humble-looking shop, over the window of which I discovered the name of somebody, *Horologer*, and at the door a little man, whom I took to be the *Horologer* himself, rapidly explained to me person my straits and wishes—he eyed me attentively for a moment or two, and then, to my great satisfaction, admitted me to enter. We passed through an empty shop, for all his valuables had probably been packed up, excepting those we found in a back room, viz:—his wife and three children, the eldest of which had hardly passed its degree of tottler. The lady received me with the air of a countess, (meaning thereby a really kind and graceful manner,) though she had little pretensions to personal neatness or modish dress. She overwhelmed me with compliments to the English—"We are separated," said she, "from all our friends, but heaven has sent us one in Monsieur!" and seemed striving to implant herself in my good graces, while I was only too anxious to stand well in hers. Some wretched coffee was brewing, and a modicum of bread completed a desolate looking supper board, and though pressed with true hospitality to eat, I took but little, from want of appetite, and because the house was evidently short of supplies.

Not a word was said of late events of the danger that was approaching, except that the man several times ejaculated soothingly, *sois tranquille, cela finira bientôt!* to which his partner presently replied *Grace a Dieu!* Presently it was proposed that we should go up-stairs, and we shortly did so, to look out from a front window. The people were dragging along a *coupe* and two or three chairs; others carrying tables, benches, planks, and half a dozen were shouldering a long ladder; but with all this there was but little noise, saving a continual rapping at doors, which here reached our own, and then I understood it to be a demand for articles of furniture. My host looked round his scantily-furnished chamber, and darting on a wooden flap, which opened and shut against the wall, he easily wrenched this from his holdings and passed it out of the window. The contribution was deemed sufficient. This course of things continued all night, and rather increased than diminished towards morning, and for some time after. The night was anxious, but the shortest, I think, I ever knew. No one, I am sure, slept but the children, and if my friends were like myself, no one of us felt inclined to sleep. It must have been long after day-break, when the house was fairly shaken by a tremendous discharge of small arms and cannon, not far off, but on which side of us we could not tell. This continued for an hour, it may be, but I had quite lost all measure of time, and did not pretend to report it with certainty. At times, the air was thick with smoke. The street was entirely deserted, except that at intervals, a feeling combatant (of the people) would stagger along, slouching his hurt with a handkerchief, or tumbling into a door that opened to receive him, at last there seemed to be a complete rout, and people were driving along pell mell. I fixed my eye on a comely young man in a dark frock, but hatless, with a drawn sword in his hand. As he ran he severed the straps of his scabbard and let it drop, and then swinging suddenly round, cut desperately at two soldiers close behind, but before his arm came back, both bayonets had pierced him. One poor fellow had a good chance for escape, but he tripped over something and fell on his face—in a twinkling, first one and then two or three murderers, with vertical and repeated thrusts, soon finished his pain. I was sick at the sight, but worse was yet to come. A half dozen soldiers, it may be more, were dragging along a poor wretch whose looks and cries seemed hopelessly to ask for pity. Arrived at a lamp-post, his breast was quickly crossed by a strap or cord, which passing under the arm-pits, was loosely tied above him. I am sure the least effort on his part would have released him—he made none, but hung his head as if resigned. A ruffian then stepped out slowly and evenly, some twelve paces to his front, and with the air of the parade, first ordered, then ported his fire-lock, wheeled to the rear, presented, took a long aim, and fired, I doubt not, with sufficient effect, for his comrades shouted out, *Bravo! vive Napoleon!* I could stand this no longer. Not once only, but several times, I heard the shot and accompanying shout, the meaning of which I now too well knew. My host and hostess had long since retired from the window, and even from the room. I found them bathed in tears, and was quite ready to cry myself at the earliest moment I should find it useful to do so. I meditated escape from the back of the house, but was checked by the thought how ungenerous it was to desert friends who had generously protected me. Platons were now either firing into the upper windows of houses, or breaking doors open to enter them. To my great delight I found that, for some unexplained reason, my host's wishes coincided with my own. He willingly gave me some unintelligible directions, and assisted me into an unknown territory, beyond the boundary of his little yard. I cleared the fence to land on the roof of a pig-sty, or

something worse. There was a house before me it is true, but it seemed to admit of no entrance. I was looking anxiously at a wall on the right and then at a board fence on my left, when a man's head rose over the gutter, followed by the body, which, suspended for an instant by the hands, dropped to the ground. This individual was followed by three others, the last of whom rested on the top to pull over a light ladder. Applying this to the opposite fence, three had quickly disappeared on the other side, when I looked inquiringly at the one yet standing at the foot of the ladder, and proposed to follow—*montez mon bon enfant; vite, vite!* said he, and I rapidly obeyed the injunction. These generous fellows having once adopted me, made me like one of themselves. They were familiar with the ground, and knew their way well. We scaled with more or less difficulty, numerous fences and walls, passed unchallenged through many houses, crossed several streets, and at last, after a long and distressing journey, (on my part) reached one which the men, informed me would lead into the *Boulevard des Italiens* at no great distance off.

I never felt a great sense of gratitude it was now. I took from my purse a coin, which to me seemed too small, but to them a too liberal remuneration for kindness, and grasping each of my rough companions warmly by the hand, bid them farewell. May Heaven spare them now and hereafter from the bullets of the soldiers! After walking for some time, I found myself approaching the Boulevards, but the crowd very much increased as I did so. I soon found that I was entering them at the corner of the *Cafe de Paris*, with which I was so familiar. I bowed my way with redoubled energy, kept the wall close to my right, mounted the crowded steps, and at last reached the interior.

I went up stairs in the hope of finding the crowd less, and the chances of seeing into the street greater; but in both respects was disappointed, for the room was as full as below, and the windows completely blocked by people standing on chairs and tables.

As far as my eye could reach in either direction, a long line of foot stretched along each side-pavement, each facing toward the houses across the way, while through the middle of the street poured westward a continuous stream of full arms. Not a civilian was to be seen below, but every window and balcony of every house was crowded with people. All the time I had been in the house, and even before, I had occasionally heard distant firing, but my attention was not constantly directed to it. Now there were repeated shots on the Boulevard. I saw at least two officers assisted from their horses, several soldiers falling or down, and at one point another considerable stir or disorder in the ranks. Presently there was a thundering volley, and a whole front of a house far to the left was instantly cleared of spectators. Again and again the sound rang in my ears, and several other houses were cleared, but still many remained full as before. Suddenly my companions started back, and while most of them fell flat on their backs, I dressed against the wall inside of the window. It was not a second too soon. We heard a volley as if beneath our feet, the crash of falling glass, and a loud cry of anguish up the stairway. For what seemed to me an age of endurance, but few of us changed our position. At last there seemed to be an alleviation of danger. The prostrate figures before me became restless, and intercommunicated by means of whistles.

The man with a shovel consented to sacrifice himself for the company, and he and his defence slowly rising from the floor, with many jerks backwards, but still gaining in advance, he shortly announced that the barbarians opposite were standing at ease. I went down stairs to mingle with the crowd. They were agitated, but neither loud in their expressions, nor enraged. I learned that several wounded were in the back rooms;—if so, the unfortunate persons made no audible cries. Many, however, were running to and fro, and every now and then I heard earnest enquiries made about somebody's injury or state. Through several hours, I think the firing continued, though it seemed with increasing intervals; but by general consent, every one was sternly forbidden to approach a window, and it was impossible to know what was passing without. I passed the night here without food, without sleep, like hundreds of others, constantly on my feet. Upon one point there seemed to be no doubt—that it was forbidden to circulate, and certain death to go into the street. At last, the joyful word was passed, that the interdiction was raised. The door was opened, and the dawn of day faintly lighted up many haggard faces.

An Irishman on being asked which was oldest, he or his brother?—"I am oldest," but if my brother lives three years, we shall both be of an age."

Delicious madness is defined as going crazy after calico. Its premonitory symptoms are standing collars, and a passionate desire to blow the bowsels out of a flute.

It is said that you can keep a hundred game cocks in the same yard without any outbreak whatever, provided there are no females present. Introduce a hen, however, and the "devil is to pay" in no time. As a colored brother once said, what a "close proximity" exists between the barn-yard and the human family. Philosophers should dwell upon it.

A German writer, compares the different stages in the lives of woman, to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old woman like cheese—all three may be excellent in their kind."

It is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance.—An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance when in the very act of "taking you in."

BARON VON HUMBOLDT.—It was my happiness, while in Berlin, to be favored with an agreeable personal interview with the greatest philosopher living, viz: Baron Alexander Heinrich Friedrich Von Humboldt, whose name is identified with all that is great and dignified in science. He is a man by himself and without a superior in intellectual vigor and resources. Although a small man—born so long ago as September 14, 1769—he is all animation, and his conversation of the most varied and interesting character. His face is without a wrinkle, his eyes are as sparkling as ever, and I saw him read without glasses. This shows that we were made to be exercised, and those who are the most energetic, not only enjoy the best of health, but also have the longest lease of life.

Being never married, his entire days have been actively devoted to scientific pursuits. He gave me some account of his travels in Equatorial America and Northern Asia. Through him the gold regions of the Ural Mountains were discovered. His observations on the auriferous regions of California were new and instructive. He distinctly maintains that the quantity of gold there is not as large as represented. The yield has not been equal to the Russian mines, and the value of the metal will not be lessened by the California discoveries. I do not feel at liberty to relate, as some might desire, the remarks of this extraordinary philosopher. Knowing I had been travelling in the East, he made inquiries in regard to countries visited, and then adverted to his early adventures in Mexico. A gentleman who has the honor of frequent intercourse with him, says that a second part of the Cosmos is in preparation. So industriously employed is this pride of Prussia, the favorite of the king—who gives him a paradise of a residence in the palace at Potsdam, when he goes out of Berlin—that he is reputed to sleep but four hours out of twenty-four. I have never been in the presence of any man who surpassed him for learning, kindness, simplicity, and true majesty. *Cor. Boston Med. and Surg. Journal.*

HOME TRADE IN ENGLAND BY RAILWAYS.—The effects of railways on home trade may be seen in the regular trade that is now carried on between London and the most remote parts of the kingdom in every conceivable thing that will bear moving. Sheep have been sent from Perth to London, and Covent Garden has supplied tons of the finer description of vegetables to the citizens of Glasgow; every Saturday five tons of the best fish in season are dispatched from Billingsgate to Birmingham, and milk is conveyed in padlock tins, from and beyond Harrow, at the rate of about one penny per gallon. In articles which are imported into both Liverpool and London, there is a constant interchange, according to the state of the market; thus a penny per pound difference may bring a hundred chests of Congou up or send as many of Hyson down the line. All graziers within a day of the rail are able to compete in the London market; the probability of any extraordinary demand increases the number of beasts arriving weekly at Camden Station from the average of five hundred to two thousand, and the sheep from two thousand to six thousand, and these animals can be brought from the furthest grazing grounds in the kingdom without any loss of weight, and in much better condition than the fat oxen were formerly driven to Smithfield from the rich pastures round Aylesbury, or the valley of the Thames.

There is a grocer up town, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a flea off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

The difference between a post office stamp and a dunkey is, that you stick one with a lick; and lick the other with a stick.

Barnum has recently enriched his museum with a lock of hair from the head of steamboat navigation; also a blush from the face of the earth, and ten yards from the equinoctial line.

A parishoner complained to the parson that his new pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one some little nearer.

"Why?" asked the parson; "can't you hear distinctly?"

"O yes, I can hear well enough."

"Can't you see plainly?"

"Yes I can see perfectly."

"Well, then, what on earth can be the trouble?"

"Why, there are so many in front of me who catch what you first say, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as flat as fish-water."

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisements of Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, No. 120 Arch street, Philadelphia. In cases of Liver complaint, Dyspepsia, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered stomach, their power is not excelled, if equalled, by any other known preparation, as the cures attest, in many cases, after the most celebrated physicians had failed. We can conscientiously recommend this medicine; as being what it is represented and urge our readers who are afflicted to procure a bottle and they will be convinced of the truth we assert.

WANTED.
A GOOD washer and ironer for the balance of the year. Apply at this office.

ALL persons having Bots and Shoes to mend can have them mended by calling on W. T. Hardisty, next door to Doone & Hart's Saddle Shop, Arch street.

Terms: Cash, without exception to persons. After the work is done, some attention will be given to law. Jan 21st

LADIES wishing a handsome Silk or Moss de Loin Dress will do well to call and look at our stock. We are offering them very low. **McKAY & METCALFE.**

WOOLHATS. A very superior article, just received, and for sale by **McKAY & METCALFE.**

Commercial.
LOUISVILLE, Jan. 20.

There has not been a great deal of business done in the Market this week on account of the impediments to navigation. The Ohio River is frozen over—with ice from 8 to 12 inches in thickness.

The Hog Killing season is over, with probably the exception of a few hundred head. The number killed around falls will be about 190,000 head, against 197,000 killed last year. The increase of weight to the hog is however estimated at 10 per cent. It is generally supposed that there will be a considerable deficit. Holders of Provisions are very firm and show no disposition to sell at present rates.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—We quote sales of Flour in lots at \$3 30 to \$3 40 from stores, retail sales at \$3 75 to \$4 25; Wheat is worth 57c; Corn 35c; Oats 25c.

FRUITS are scarce.—Dried Apples \$1 25 to \$1 50 per bushel; Dried Peaches \$1 75 to \$2 50; Raisins \$2 10 per box.—Prunes 22c per pound.

FISH.—Mackerel.—No. 67 to 88—No. 2 \$10 to \$11—No. 1, \$13 to \$14 per barrel.

GROCERIES.—The supply is abundant, but prices sustained. Sales of Sugar have been made at 4c to 5c, in lots; by the barrel prices range from 5c to 6c, for the best article. Coffee—prices range from 9 to 9c. Molasses bring from 28c to 30c—Sugar house, 38c to 40c. Rice, 4c to 5c. Cheese, in demand at 6c.

HIDES.—Dall at 4c for green; for Dry Salted 9c.

PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork is quoted at \$13 25, some holders ask \$13 50; Bacon from wagons at 7c Hog round; Lard 7c to 8c, in kegs.

COTTON.—is declining.

McKAY & METCALFE.
DEALERS IN DOMESTIC & FANCY DRY GOODS, Hardware, Queensware, Glass, Groceries, &c., &c., and almost every article usually kept in retail stores. All of which they are selling at unusually low prices. Please call and examine before purchasing. Jan 21

FRESH supply of richly perfumed ROSE HAIR OIL, and CREME DE LYS, for sale, wholesale and retail by **Dr. D. H. COX.**

IBBL. LINSEED OIL, in store, and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

FRESH TEA. We have just received a large supply of the best quality of Gunpowder and Black Tea, put up in metal tins.

NOURSE & HACKLEY.
ZANTE CURRANTS. for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

TAILORING.
Gentlemen's Garments. of every description cut and made to order by T. J. MAYNARD. Orders solicited and promptly complied with. Shop West side of the Public Square, Oct 23-45-1m

BLASTING AND RIFLE POWDER. also Safety Fuse on hand and for sale. **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

I AM CONSTRAINED TO ASK THOSE INDEBTED TO ME TO MAKE PAYMENT AS SOON AS THEY CAN, and oblige. **AL. W. HYNES.**

Dec. 25th, 1891.
WHISKY WANTED.

I WISH to purchase two or three hundred Barrels of good Whisky. **Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY.**

DOCTOR TAYLOR'S Female Bitters.—A certain cure for Female Diseases—for sale by **Dr. D. H. COX.**

500 BUSHELS WHEAT WANTED. **I WISH** to purchase 500 BUSHELS of GOOD WHEAT, for which I will pay CASH. **Jan 14 CHAS. E. NOURSE.**

LAST NOTICE.
MONEY WANTED to pay the debts of J. C. Aud, dec'd, and we must have it by the 1st day of February next, or employ the Sheriff's and Constables to get it for us.

S. JOHNSON, T. P. LINTHICUM.
Jan 14 3c of Adm. J. C. Aud.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Just received an assortment of Violins, Flutes, and Fifes. Also—Violin and Guitar Strings. **Jan 14 N. M. BOOTH.**

LINSEED OIL.—very superior—in store and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

SUGAR HOUSE & PLANTATION MOLASSES. in store and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

LOOK OUT FOR HIM! **ALL** persons indebted to me either by note or account must make immediate payment, if they wish to save cost. **Jan 14 J. L. CARRETHERS.**

MUSIC.—Just received an assortment of Piano and Guitar Music, including, "I would not have thee young again," by E. Z. Webster, and Mavourneen Macree, by Madam Abanowicz. **Jan 14 N. M. BOOTH.**

DRIED PEACHES. for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

FLOUR.—constantly on hand and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

TALBOTT & AUD would respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have taken the extensive Blacksmith Establishment lately carried on by John C. Aud, dec'd, on Broad Street, where all kinds of work in their line, will be done in the best manner, and on the most accommodating terms. **dec 11-2m**

WANTED.
1000 LBS. FEATHERS. **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

APPLES, ORANGES, DATE PRUNES, &c., in store and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

GOOD COLOGNE can be bought at 5 cents to \$1.50 per Bottle of 50 cents. **Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY.**

BALES BATTING.—Nos. 1 and 2 in store and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

DRIED PEACHES, in store, and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

OWEN'S HOTEL (Late Franklin House), CORNER OF SIXTH AND MAIN STREETS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

W. R. OWEN, Proprietor.

SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES. in store and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

70 CANS COVE AND SPICED OYSTERS. 5 bbls. Apples; 10 boxes Raisins, 2000 Oranges; in store and for sale by **COLLINGS & WELLS.**

FOR SALE: **M** House and Lot are for sale. I will also sell to good house, several valuable NEGROES.

consisting of Men, Women, Boys and Girls. The sales will be entirely private. Terms easy. **Nov. 27-50M F. R. MUIR.**

SAVE YOUR MONEY. **CHAS. P. FREEMAN & CO.** (Late Freeman, Hodges & Co.)

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS 58 Liberty Street, between Broadway and Nassau, near the Post-Office, NEW YORK.

HAVE now on hand, and will be receiving daily through the season, New Goods, direct from the European manufacturers, and such as: rich, fashionable and fancy Silk Millinery Goods. Our stock of Rich Ribbons comprises every variety of the latest and most beautiful designs imported.

Many of our goods are manufactured expressly for our order, from our own designs and patterns, and stand unrivalled. We offer our goods for SALE at prices lower than any credit House in America can afford.

At purchasers will find it greatly to their interest to reserve a portion of their money and make selections from our great variety of rich cheap goods.

Bushes rich for Bonnets, Caps, Stuffs, and Bonnets. Ribbons, Silks, Satins, Capes, Linens and the latest Embroideries Collars, Chemises, Capes, Bertha's, Hanks, Shelves, Collars, Edgings, and Insertings. Embroidered Reverses, Laces, and Hemstitch Handkerchiefs.

Ribbons, Illusions, and Embroidered Laces for Caps, Embroidered Laces for Shawls, Mantillas, and Veils.

Hudson, Keeble, Valenciennes, and Brussels Laces. English and Wore Thread, Sayre's, Little Thread, and Cotton Laces.

Kid, Little Thread, Silk, Sewing Silk, Gloves, and Mitts.

French and American Artificial Flowers. French Laces, English, American and Italian. Straw Bonnets and Trimmings. Jan. 14, 1892-8c

SAMUEL CARPENTER & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bardonia, Ky.

SAM'L CARPENTER has resumed the practice of Law, and will, in partnership with SAM'L CARPENTER, Jr., practice in Nelson and the surrounding Counties, and the Court of Appeals. All business entrusted to their care promptly attended to. Jan. 14, 1892.

T. W. RILEY, F. R. MUIR, J. C. BAILEY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BARDSTOWN, KY.

Will practice Law in the Nelson Circuit and County Courts, Office, the same formerly occupied by Riley & Muir. They will give prompt and diligent attention to all business confided to them. Jan. 14, 1892-11c

RILEY, MUIR, & BAILEY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BARDSTOWN, KY.

Will practice Law in the various Courts held in Louisville—the Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit Courts of Spencer, Nelson, Bullitt, Larue, Hardin, and Menard Counties.

Office on Jefferson, between 5th and 6th. Where parties desiring legal advice may be found in give counsel or transact any business confided to them. Jan. 14, 1892-11c

NEW YORK Life Insurance Company Accumulated Capital \$350,000.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT.

THIS COMPANY is one of the most respectable and responsible in the United States. The business is conducted on the mutual system, purely, dividends being made annually on all Policies for life, and become part of the accumulated fund, on which each interest is paid

